THE DAYSPRING.

"THE DAYSPRING FROM ON HIGH HATH VISITED US."

OLD SERIES, VOL. XXXIV.
NEW SERIES, VOL. I., NO. 12.

DECEMBER, 1882.

Entered as second-class mail matter.

NOT SANTA CLAUS.

THE first thought we have on looking at this picture is that here is Santa Claus, caught at last in the very act of coming down chimney to leave Christmas presents. It looks very much as though the sly old fellow had slipped, and made a noise that aroused all the folks in the house long before it was time for them to get up. But this is not the case. It is not Santa Claus, but a chimney-sweeper, who is attracting so much attention.

But what is a chimney-sweeper? you ask; for hardly one of the little readers of the "Dayspring" ever has seen one.

Well, the editor must confess that he never has seen one. There are now but few chimney-sweepers in this part of the world, and have not been for many years. But in old times, before hard-coal fires had come into use, and when chimneys were large enough for a small person to crawl from the bottom to the top, there were chimney-sweepers in all our cities. Usually they were negro boys. They came early in the morning before the fires were lighted, and took off their shoes and left them on the floor, as you see this one has done. They put a big cloth over the fireplace, as you see in the picture, to keep the soot from flying out into the room; and then with a scraper and brush went up the chimney, cleaning it as they went. It was hard, dirty, dangerous business, but the chimney-sweepers were jolly fellows who seemed to like their work. Children took delight in watching them as they entered the fireplace and went up out of sight. When the chimney-sweeper had been in the chimney a little while the children would go out into the street or yard and watch eagerly until he came out at the top. Then they would hear him call out, "Sweep-Ho."

We have told you something about chimney-sweepers. Grandmother can tell you more.

For The Dayspring.

LAST THANKSGIVING.

BY MARY C. BARTLETT.

I SUPPOSE you 'll think it a very funny thing for a girl to write a story about two boys, but they were *little* boys, fully *six months* younger than I.

They were not the kind of boys that are very nice to make stories of, for Grasshopper had the queerest nose you ever saw, — if it had n't been squared off a little at the end, it would have been round, — and Daddy-long-legs had red hair and a spotted, freckly face.

When Daddy-long-legs first came to school, I did n't like to look at him, and I used to laugh when Mary Jane Bennett said she knew his mother must have upset the red-pepper box over him, but when I found that he was good to Grasshopper, I began to like him.

For Grasshopper was lame. He hobbled a little, just as I do; that was the way he got his name. It was his very first day at school, and he was hopping about the yard at recess time (he did look funny, but of course *I* could n't laugh at him), when one of the boys cried out, "Oh, ho! Look at the grasshopper!"

You ought to have seen him then. He colored up, even to that squared-off end of his nose, and said he, "If any boys wants to call me names, let 'em come on."

They did n't come on; they just laughed, and one or two of them sung out "Grasshopper" again. He took up a stick and was hobbling after them, when I planted myself right in his way.

"You would n't hit a *girl*, would you?" said I. I spoke up very quickly, for I was really afraid he would, he looked so angry.

"D'*you* call me a grasshopper?" he asked fiercely.

"No," said I, "I did n't; and if *you're* a grasshopper, then *I* must be one, too;" and I held out one foot, to let him see how far from the ground it was.

He looked a little ashamed; and one or two of the other girls came up, and we told him not to mind, for boys were not *always* the *most polite* creatures in the world, and it was n't really worth while to care for what they said.

He put down his stick then, but he looked as cross as a bear still, and I did n't see him smile *once* until the middle of the afternoon, when the teacher left the room for a moment, and Jimmy Peters got out of his seat and crawled up the aisle. He made up such a funny face, and his arms and legs looked so long, that we all laughed, but the funniest part of it was, when the teacher came in again, he did n't know she was there, and he kept on just the same. When she had looked at him as long as she wanted to, she said, —

"What very strange insect have we here? Is it a beetle or a spider?"

You just ought to have heard us laugh then; and one of the boys cried out, "It 's a daddy-long-legs." Jimmy got up pretty quick, I can tell you, and his face looked more *red-peppery* than ever. All the boys called him "Daddy-long-legs" after that, but I did n't try to take his part, because he never seemed to mind it. Sometimes he 'd run about the school-yard on all fours, and then the boys would pretend to step on him. At last we almost forgot what his real name was, and called him "Daddy-long-legs" altogether.

And then Grasshopper began to think it was rather a nice thing to have a nickname, and even appeared a little proud of his title; so, almost before we knew it their new names seemed to belong to them as much as their clothes did. They always came to school and walked home together, and a funny-looking couple they were, Daddy-long-legs so very red and speckled and good-natured, and Grasshopper hopping along, with his little stick, which he sometimes used for a cane. Somehow, they both seemed different from other boys. People *looked* at them.

People looked at me, too, sometimes, and I used to wonder if I limped so *very* badly, and if I was as queer for a girl as Grasshopper was for a boy. It made me feel *lonesome* to think I could never be *exactly* like other girls. It was just as if I had been *left out* of something very nice and pleasant, — something to which I had as good a right as any one. I had a long talk with mother about it afterward, and she told me, — but I can't stop now to tell you what she said. I 'll only say that I have never felt as badly about my lameness since.

But before that, as Mary Jane Bennett and I were going home from school one day, we saw the two boys on the other side of the street, and I found courage to say, —

"Mary Jane, am I *quite* as funny as Daddy-long-legs?"

She stared at me for a second.

"Does your head look like a house on fire?" she asked, in reply.

"No, —" I faltered, "but — am I as funny as Grasshopper?"

This was the question I wanted to ask at first, but I could n't; I was too silly.

She gave me another look. "Is your nose the exact image of a horse-chestnut," she inquired sharply.

"Not exactly, — but —" I held up my foot.

"Elsie Blake!" she exclaimed. "You just put that foot down, and don't be such a goose. If any other girl had asked me those questions about you, I do believe I should have slapped her."

But you see, Mary Jane did n't tell me what I wanted to know, after all. It was just as well that she did n't, though, for it sent me to mother. *She* knew just what to say and how to say it. What a comfort mothers are, — especially when little girls have to be *left out* of some of the good times that children have in this world.

But I must tell you about last Thanksgiving. I had been looking forward to it for a month, but when it

came, I thought I was going to have a horrid time. You see, we had been expecting brother Jack home, (he had been away three years), and he was going to bring two of his city friends with him. We had never seen these friends, but we knew them pretty well from Jack's letters, and were sure we should like them. My lameness had troubled me more than usual, so that mother was keeping me at home from school, and it seemed to me that I could n't wait for the time to come when I should see dear old Jack again.

But Thanksgiving morning a telegram came to father, saying that Jack had met with an accident; they did n't tell me just what it was, but they feared that his leg was broken.

Well, there was very little time for good-byes, and not a minute for tears, for father and mother had just time to catch the next train; but while mother was putting a few things into her valise, she said to me, —

"Order anything you like for dinner, Elsie. Have as good a time as you can."

"O mother, I don't want a thing!" I answered, winking very hard to keep back the tears.

"Now, Elsie," she went on, putting in one thing after another as fast as she could, "you must n't feel that your Thanksgiving is spoiled. Why, I am so thankful, daughter, *so thankful*, that I cannot tell —" she stopped suddenly.

"Thankful that Jack has broken his leg?" I cried, astonished.

She let a pair of slippers drop upon the floor, and put her arms around me.

"O Elsie, Elsie! It was such an escape! But there, — I must n't talk about it. Be a good girl, darling, and try and enjoy yourself as much as you can."

"*Try* and enjoy myself." I must make a great effort for what I had thought was coming to me so richly. I was disposed to be a little cross at first; but when I thought of mother's words, "It was such an escape," I felt that I ought to have a good time if I possibly could.

But dear me! How forlorn it was after they went away. I went down into the kitchen and found Susan Bowser crying over a pan of cranberry tarts.

"We 'll have to call 'em in from the courts and lanes, to help us eat up all these things," she said dolefully. "Mr. Jack would have made quick work of 'em."

"*I* can eat a good many of them," said I bravely.

"So could a spider," she answered sarcastically.

A spider! That made me think of something. "I might invite some one to help me," I said timidly. I was a little afraid of Susan sometimes, though she was good-hearted, and I knew she liked me.

"Yes, there 's your Cousin Helen."

"But Helen's mother could n't spare her."

"Mary Jane Bennett, then."

"It 's just the same there. Mothers want their children at home Thanksgiving day, Susan. I was thinking of Daddy-long-legs and Grasshopper."

"Goodness me! What are them? Bugs or Christians?"

It took me some time to explain it all to Susan, but when at last I did make her understand about them, she was not only willing but *anxious* that they should come. They both had mothers, to be sure, but I knew that, if they were able to give them plain turkey and potato for dinner it was as much as they could do. I knew they were poor, because their jackets looked rusty and old, and because I had seen them coming to school in wet weather, with holes in their shoes.

"How much dinner would you have to get for them, Susan?" I asked.

"I should n't wonder if three fowls would answer," replied Susan.

"Three turkeys!" I cried anxiously. "Why, they would n't eat —"

"Don't you worry," she interrupted with a laugh. "Maybe less will *suffy*."

She meant *suffice*, but of course I did n't correct her.

"Now what 's your orders?" she asked, in a business-like way. "Seein' you got your company, what shall I give 'em to eat?"

"I — don't — know," said I. "There 's turkey and plum pudding of course, and I would like some candy and chicken-pie, and a cranberry tart for each of us, — and, O Susan! plenty of ice-cream and cranberry sauce."

"Any *salary?*" she inquired.

"Oh, yes. Celery of course, and oranges and — potatoes, and —"

"Well, well," laughed Susan, "I will do my best; now how are we to get hold of them boys?"

This was a poser. "It 's such short notice," went on Susan. "They may have promised to dine with the governor, you know, or some of the *common councils*."

But I could n't laugh at her joke. I was too busy thinking. "Oh dear," I cried at length, "how stupid it is never to walk about on your own two feet like other girls!"

"Never you mind," answered Susan. "Just you tell me where they live and what they look like, and I 'll go and fetch 'em."

I was just describing Grasshopper's nose, when the door opened and Cousin Helen walked in. "I came in at the side door," said she; "could n't stop to ring. You poor little thing! left here all alone Thanksgiving Day! Mother says it 's too bad, and I 've come in the carriage to take you home with me. What 's the matter? You look distressed."

I was distressed. An hour ago the prospect would have been delightful, but now! "You 're ever so good," said I, "but —"

"You don't want to come." She laughed, but I thought she looked a little disappointed, too.

"O Helen," I cried, "you won't feel badly, will you? I can't help not wanting to come to-day, because — because — well, I 'm going to invite company myself."

"Company! *Who*, pray?"

"A couple of *big-bugs*," put in Susan.

I explained. Helen laughed at first, but when I told her how poor and patchy their clothes looked, she sobered at once.

"So you don't know whether you can get them or not," she said, as I finished. "What 's to prevent our riding down to that Magazine Lane region and finding out?"

"Helen Erskine!" I exclaimed, with a hug, "you 're just like those angels we read of, always happening in at the very moment when we need them most."

She laughed again, and off we started. We found Daddy-long-legs and Grasshopper playing together in their little court. How they stared at us, — they hardly knew me in that grand carriage — and how their mothers stared when the grand carriage stopped at the tumble-down house in which they both had rooms.

But they stared harder when we made known our errand. The boys had followed us in, and stood with open eyes and mouths, waiting to hear what could have brought us there. When we told them, we could hardly guess at first-whether they were glad or sorry, for the women looked bewildered, and the boys hung their heads sheepishly.

"Well, me man," said Grasshopper's mother, at length, "would ye like it? What do ye say?"

Me man did n't answer.

"Speak out *you*, Jimmy," said Mrs. Peters persuasively. "Would ye like to be in it?"

"I would," replied Jimmy, with a laugh. It was his old laugh, and it seemed to be contagious; Grasshopper caught it first, then it came over to Helen and me, and lastly the two women took it; so there we were, all laughing together.

And we laughed all the way home. Helen declared it was the very best time she was ever in. She made the coachman drive to her house first, and she darted out of the carriage like a flash.

"Wait," she cried back to me, "just wait." And in a second or two back she came, bringing her mother with her.

Aunt Helen is a tall lady, with a pale, good, quiet face. She looked at me, then at the boys; then she kissed me.

"It 's 'Yes,' is n't it, mamma?" asked Helen eagerly.

"Yes, Helen," answered her mother, "it *is* 'Yes.' But be sure and bring Elsie home with you this evening."

Helen sprang in. "I 'm coming too, I 'm coming too," she cried. "You have n't invited me, but I 'm coming all the same. *Won't* it be fun!"

She was hugging me so tightly about the neck that I could n't answer a word, and it was just as well. Glad as I always was to have Helen with me, I should never have thought of asking her to dine with such boys as Daddy-long-legs and Grasshopper. It seemed perfectly natural to me, I *liked* it; but to her — well, she was n't acquainted with such boys as I was. They had never been thrown in her way. I was afraid they might seem like children from some other world, and that she would treat them as if they were curiosities instead of — *friends*.

But she did n't, at all. Indeed, she made the boys feel more at home than I could have done, for she was so full of her droll sayings that they had no chance to think of themselves. When we reached the house, she helped Grasshopper take off his coat, and put him into the low chair by the fire; then she drew up an ottoman for Daddy-long-legs, and seated herself on the lounge beside me.

For half a minute no one spoke, but before the pause had time to be awkward, Jimmy gave Grasshopper such a queer glance out of the corner of his eye that the poor boy grew very red in the face, and his cheeks were puffed out as if he were blowing a trumpet; but with all his efforts he could n't help laughing. Neither could we; and when laughing had become a little monotonous, I brought Snip in and had him show off his accomplishments. Then I exhibited my scrap-book, and before we were through with that the dinner-bell rang.

I shall feel grateful to Susan Bowser as long as I live for the pains she took with that dinner. The turkey was so nice and brown, the celery so white and green (the boys did n't touch it, though), the potatoes were done just right, the squash looked such a pretty color, the cranberry sauce was so *handsome* (Helen said), and the pickled peaches were *just elegant*.

The boys seemed a little bashful at first, but Helen declared she was as hungry as a bear, and we both occupied ourselves so closely with our own dinners that they soon felt at home.

How we all enjoyed it! To be sure, the boys ate with their knives, and at first did n't seem to know what napkins were made for; but they said "please," and then "yes ma'am," and quite won Susan's heart by the grateful "thank you," with which they received their plum pudding.

The clearing of the table, preparatory to bringing on that famous pudding, seemed a great mystery to them, and the crumb scraper amused them mightily; but Susan told me afterward that she had often seen rich men's sons do much worse things at the table than did my poor little Daddy-long-legs and Grasshopper.

They were not quite at home with the ice-cream, it was "so fearful cold;" but the nuts and oranges they greeted as friends. When the candy was offered them, they laughed and sighed, all in a breath. As Grasshopper said, "they had no place for it at all."

"Have n't you a pocket?" asked Helen carelessly.

They each exhibited two. Grasshopper hastened to take from his a mixture of chewing gum, twine, buttons, and scraps of chalk; but Daddy-long-legs sat still and looked disconsolate.

"Mine has holes," he said at length.

X-288.63
D1

THE DAYSPRING.

"THE DAYSPRING FROM ON HIGH HATH VISITED US."

OLD SERIES, VOL. XXXVIII.
NEW SERIES, VOL. III., NO. 12.

DECEMBER, 1884.

Entered as second-class mail matter.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

For The Dayspring.

ARCHIE.

MRS. BENTON tapped on the window, and beckoned to her little boy to come into the house. Archie was rather surprised, for, after his lessons, he usually played out till tea-time. It was a bright afternoon; half a dozen of his schoolmates were with him; every boy had his sled, and they were counting upon a grand coasting and snowballing frolic.

"But maybe," he said to himself, "mother only has something to tell me, and will let me come right out again, or wants me to do an errand. If that's it, I'll run all the way, and be back in a jiffy." And stamping the snow off his boots, he went into the house.

"What is it, mother?" he asked pleasantly, as he stood blowing his fingers.

"Sit down by me, Archie, and take off your cap; I want to talk with you."

"O mother," he said in a disappointed tone, "won't it do this evening?"

She rarely interrupted his pleasures, but she answered firmly: "No; what were you doing just now?"

"Coasting."

"Yes, I know, — but a moment ago, I mean."

"Oh! well — the queerest looking old creature came along, with a red handkerchief tied round his face, and a coat all spotted and tattered; and he hobbled by so strangely, Jamie Price called him 'Mud-turtle.' He did look like one, mother, indeed he did. And Fred Weston said, 'Let's powder him, — he'd make a first-rate Mountain-Miller!' Then they flung snow-balls after him — soft ones — and hurrahed for Mud-turtle!"

"You threw one, did you, Archie?" the mother asked in a sorrowful tone.

Archie colored, and answered in a low tone, "Yes, ma'am."

"My boy ridiculed an old man, deformed and poor! My son, I am ashamed of you. I should have thought you would pity him and be willing to help him, — at least by a kind word."

Archie looked sorry and ashamed, as he really was. He was a kind-hearted boy, and had joined thoughtlessly with his playmates in sport he would not have tried alone.

"I'm sorry, mother," he answered frankly; "I did n't think how mean it was. I'll never do it again."

Archie was a truthful boy, and his mother did not doubt him.

"Shall I tell you a short story?" she asked. The boy's face brightened, though he cast a longing look at the troop of merry coasters, drawing their sleds up a long hill at a little distance from the house.

"Yes, ma'am."

"A boy, coming home from school one afternoon, joined with his companions in ridiculing a lame, old man. After playing out till nearly tea-time, he was surprised, on going into the house, to find the same old man sitting by the kitchen fire, while the mother was busy getting a nice hot supper ready for him. He was feeble and very tired, and soon after tea went to bed.

"Then Charlie's mother, knowing nothing of his conduct, told him about a great freshet that had occurred when she was a little girl only seven years old. Her mother was poor and widowed, and they lived in a small cottage on the bank of a river. Bridges, houses, and trees were swept away by the flood. The mother missed her only child, and, after an anxious search, saw her drifting down the stream, behind the house, on a frail raft, right towards a mass of driftwood.

"The neighbors crowded on the bank, pitying the poor mother and child; but there seemed scarcely a chance for even a powerful swimmer in that terrible current, and no one dared attempt to rescue the little girl, till one man, poor and unknown, rushed down the bank, and, with all the might of his robust frame and brave, generous heart, breasted the waves. Again and again, by skilful swimming, he barely escaped a log that would have crushed him. He reached the child in time, saved her, and brought her back unhurt to her mother. But he lost his own limbs in the daring, self-sacrificing deed.

"In less than a year from that time, the poor woman died, and her little girl went far away to live with some relatives. Many years afterwards she saw again the man who had saved her life at such terrible cost to himself. Then he came to her door, poor, old, and feeble. She did not know that he had been ridiculed by her own boy, till she had told Charlie the story. You can imagine how he felt. But was he really any more to blame than you and the other boys were just now? He would not have done it if he had known; but the act was the same for all that."

Archie's face wore a thoughtful, regretful look. "I am sorry, mother," he said frankly; "I did not think of it that way."

"No, dear, I am sure you did not," she answered, stroking his wavy brown hair. "Now run to your play. I am not afraid you will ever again make sport of the poor and suffering." M. J.

A HELPFUL "OH!"

AN eminent clergyman sat in his study, busily engaged in preparing his Sunday sermon, when his little boy toddled into the room, and, holding up his pinched finger, said with an expression of suffering, —

"Look, pa, how I hurt it!" The father, interrupted in the middle of a sentence, glanced hastily at him, and with just the slightest tone of impatience said, —

"I can't help it, sonny." The little fellow's eyes grew bigger, and, as he turned to go out, he said in a low voice, —

"Yes, you could: you might have said, 'Oh!'" — *Selected.*

WELL SUPPLIED.

NELSON WATERS is an only child, and, we need not say, is dearly loved by his parents. He is one of those boys that you cannot help liking, for he is bright and active, good-looking, and good-natured. Last Christmas Eve Nelson went to bed wondering what he would get for Christmas presents. He said that if he could have a sled he did not care much whether he had anything else or not. He could get along without a pocket-book or a knife or a pair of skates, but not without a sled.

He lay awake a long time, wondering and hoping, but at last fell asleep. Then his father and mother placed around him the presents which you see. Father and mother, grandfather and grandmother, uncles and aunts, all gave something. He had a sled, a drum, a large rocking-horse, a pair of skates, a rabbit, a paint-box, a bag of marbles, and a knife.

It was fun to see Nelson when he woke the next morning. When he opened his eyes the sled was right before them. Whichever way he turned he saw a beautiful present.

We hope Nelson will not forget the boys and girls whose parents are too poor to give them presents. By spending a little money he can do much to make them happy. We hope, too, that Nelson's parents will remember that there are other children besides their own boy.

For The Dayspring.

UNA'S CHRISTMAS.

BY A. E. A.

"GRACE, I wonder if you could not help me, — by giving me some advice."

Grace Lindsay looked up from her work in amused surprise. What advice could Mrs. Stanwood possibly want of her? The lady went on speaking: —

"About Una, I mean. Christmas is coming, and I do not like to let it pass without any notice, and yet I cannot think what to give the child. She has more toys and games already than she ever plays with; fine clothes and ornaments are unsuitable for a little girl. I might give her a book, if I knew what she would like. You are used to children, Grace; can't you think of something?"

Grace glanced around her. The large, city house, elegantly furnished and adorned, was so different from the simple country parsonage that was her home. She thought of the many ways her parents and their children contrived to save or gain a little something to make happier some hearts and homes at that season of the

year; and, remembering the pleasure they had always found in it, she said, —

"Would not Una like to celebrate Christmas by *giving* instead of receiving?"

"Giving? She always does, to the family and her own young friends. But you mean to those who are in need? Mr. Stanwood and I contribute liberally to all charitable associations, of course; but maybe Una might like to do something herself. I have an engagement now, and will send her to keep you company. Oh, here she is. Una, will you stay with Cousin Grace while I am away?"

"I should like it, mamma; only I will go first to my room for something." She was back again in a minute, with a little fancy basket in her hand, and sat down near her cousin. "I 'm glad to have you all to myself, Grace," she said, "because I want to ask you something. What are you going to give Marian for a Christmas present?"

"This," answered Grace, holding up her work, — a pretty scarf she was knitting.

"Nothing else? That is pretty, but will it be all?"

"Marian will be very glad to have anything, Una dear. We are not rich people, like your parents, and our gifts to each other cost more time and thought than money. But I may send her something else. What would you give her, if you were in my place? What would you like yourself?"

"Oh, I don't know; I believe I have everything. Aunt Janet will send me a doll, I suppose, — she always does, — and I have ten already," she said, with a merry laugh. "Would Marian like a doll, or has she too many?"

"She has only one, which she has had several years. She gave her other one to a little girl who had none, and the child was so happy I think Marian was never sorry she gave it up."

"O Cousin Grace! Might I — would she like it? — send her one of mine? I have a beauty that I never used one bit, and a trunk for her clothes. I would like to send Marian something pretty."

"She would be much pleased, I am sure. You like to make presents, Una?"

"Yes, if I could. Papa gives me money very often, and I buy things for him and mamma and Will and my little friends; but after all, that is n't *my* giving, you know. But this year I am going to do better. I have worked some slippers for papa, and hemmed and marked a dozen handkerchiefs for Will, and now I 'm making this pincushion for mamma. Sophy — that 's our seamstress, you know — showed me how. Of course their money bought the things, but I can give the work."

How the child's eyes sparkled! Yes, Una would enjoy giving, there was no doubt. Grace told her how, at her home, they always tried to find those who needed gifts and might be made happy by receiving them. She told her that her brother Frank, who was book-keeper in a city store, belonged to a charitable society who made it their business to look up people who were needy, but did not ask charity, and help them, giving a ton of coal, a load of wood, some blankets, or some other thing which would add to their comfort.

"Would you like to do such things, Una?"

"O yes, Cousin Grace! Could I, do you think?"

"Certainly. I dare say you have clothes outgrown, or partly worn, that could be altered or repaired for other children; and toys you are tired of, or too old to play with."

"Toys enough; Will says I could set up shop on my own account. But I don't know about clothes, — I guess mamma gives them away. I might buy cloth for clothes, though, and I 'd ask mamma to let Sophy help me make them. And I could buy other things. I have *lots* of money, Cousin Grace. Papa and Will keep giving it to me."

"Don't you ever spend it for yourself?"

"Of course I buy pencils and paper and scrap-pictures, sometimes, and such things; but the weekly allowance mamma gives me is enough for that, so I put away the rest. Some of the girls buy cake and candy and fruit; but I have cake and fruit at home, and I don't care much for candy. Oh, could n't we send Marian a big bag of candy to give to children who can't get any very often?"

Grace could not help smiling at the child's eagerness. 'Maybe, Una; we will think about that by and by. And I 'll ask Frank to call here and tell us about the poor people he has found. Shall I?"

"Yes, do! And now come to my play-room, please, and we will choose the doll for Marian, and the toys to give away."

When Mrs. Stanwood returned, Una ran to meet her. "Mamma, when you are at leisure may I come and talk to you a little while?"

"After dinner, love." And after dinner, while Mrs. Stanwood lay on the sofa, Una, kneeling on the carpet by her side, told what Cousin Grace and she had talked about, and what she wished to do at Christmas. "You said I might have a Christmas party, if I liked, mamma darling; could n't it be a party of poor people, and I could give each of them something? Not an evening party, but a Christmas dinner, perhaps, and — I don't know exactly. Maybe Frank Lindsay could tell us how."

Mrs. Stanwood glanced at Grace, who only smiled. "We will ask Mr. Lindsay here, Una, and talk with him about it. Grace, will you send him a note?"

"And so my little girl is going to play at being Santa Claus, is she?" said Mr. Stanwood, a week or two after, lifting Una on his knee.

"Won't it be fun, papa? Cousin Frank has told us of several poor families where there are children, and of one old man and his wife that were burned out awhile ago; and mamma has said I might help them all

I could. The old people are to have a nice easy-chair and some blankets, and the children some clothes and toys. I'm helping to make the clothes. We went this morning and bought lots of things. I'm so glad school does not keep till after New Year's."

"And what would you like for yourself, little one?"

"Just nothing at all. There is to be a party at Katie Sherman's, Christmas Eve, and a tree, and every one will have a gift of some kind. I don't want anything else."

"And your Christmas dinner-party? Is it to be here?"

"Mamma said it would make too much extra work, and not be convenient for her; and that I could send something for dinner to the people, instead. Maybe they would not like to come, but I'm sorry not to ask them."

"Consult Frank; he seems to be the oracle."

Frank Lindsay had been a little shy of his rich relatives when he first went to the city, but since his sister had been visiting there, his calls had become more frequent, and a warm friendship was growing up between him and Will Stanwood. The two young men, who had been talking by a window, came now to join the others, and Mr. Stanwood told of Una's difficulty.

"I met Mr. Faulkner, the carpet-dealer, this morning," said Frank, "and he asked me what I was doing now. I told him I was in the same place, and he said, 'I did not mean that; you are one of the fellows that hunt up poor people, to help them. What have you on hand now?' So I told him I was acting as agent for a little girl who wished to make a happy Christmas for some poor people, and that she had it in her mind to give them a dinner, as well as other help, but was afraid it could not be conveniently done. 'Oh, she must have the dinner,' said he, 'I have some vacant rooms at your service. If you will send me the number of guests and give the invitations, I will see that the rooms and dinner are ready, and you'll only have to pay the bill.' Then he gave me the street and number and walked off. So, little Una, your dining-room is ready."

"Yes," she answered doubtfully, "only if they should not want to go?"

"Those who don't care to go can have dinner sent to them," replied Will. "But your little purse never will hold out for all this, child. Here;" and he tossed a half-eagle into her lap.

"That is true, Will," remarked Mr. Stanwood. "How much money have you, little daughter?"

She slipped from his knee, and ran for purse and pocketbook. "Is n't there enough?" she asked anxiously, as her father counted it.

"Not quite, if the armchair and blankets are to come out of it. I'll put in a little more. There, I guess that will do. Now run up to mamma."

Assisted by Grace and Sophy, counselled by Frank, aided occasionally by mamma, who always seemed to have at hand the very thing needed in their work, Una's preparations went on rapidly. So earnest was she in her work of love, that she almost forgot the Christmas Eve party, and her overflowing happiness showed itself in bursts of singing and merry laughter, not usual with her. The day before Christmas was a pleasant one to Una. In the morning a large box was sent by express to Grace's home, containing not only gifts for all the family from the city relatives, but articles that could be given to others; and Una's lot of candy, for the children who could not get any, was not forgotten. Then Mrs. Stanwood sent for a carriage, and Grace, with her little cousin, went to carry gifts to "Frank's poor friends."

"Wait one minute, Una," said her mother, as the child was running downstairs. "Papa gave Mr. Lindsay an overcoat for the old gentleman; here is a warm shawl for his wife, in case they should go to your dinner-party."

"O you sweetest mamma! how you think of everything nice!" exclaimed Una, with a shower of kisses. But the little girl grew shy and silent, as they reached the first house, and though she went unhesitatingly into the room where the old people were sitting, Grace, who had been there before, had to do the talking. "I have brought my little cousin with me to-day," she said. "She has brought you a shawl to wear this winter, and wishes to invite you both to a Christmas dinner. My brother will come to-night and tell you about it."

"Bless her kind little heart!" said old Mrs. Plummer kindly. "She is as sweet as she is pretty. Thank you, dear, for remembering us so kindly."

At the next place, where were six children without a mother, the eldest a girl of fifteen, Una did better. She waited for Grace to speak about the dinner, and then said softly, "I have n't any little brothers or sisters; will you let me leave some Christmas gifts for yours?" The children, except this sister-mother, and a little girl of two years, were not in the house; so Una's little stock of toys and clothing was brought forward, and poor Susy's delight was unbounded. "I did so want to give them something for Christmas," she said, "but it takes all father can earn to feed and clothe so many of us. I had made rag-babies for the girls, and tried to make some mittens for the boys, but these — Oh, I do thank you so much!" and happy tears choked her voice. "I'll put them away somewhere till to-morrow morning," she added, smiling through the tears, "and how happy the children will be! I can't thank you enough."

"I think you have," answered Una, stooping to kiss the little one. Then she and Grace went to find the widow, who had a little lame boy, and the seamstress, who lived all alone and had been sick, and the others whom Frank had mentioned to them, leaving something at each poor home to help and cheer those who needed it.

The Christmas Eve party was a very pleasant one, and Una enjoyed it; but she could not help thinking of

the morrow, and wondering if her guests would enjoy their party as much. A ring from her especial friend Katie, and a pretty writing-desk from Katie's mother, came to her from the tree, and she went home and to sleep as happy as need be. The next morning, at the breakfast table, a letter lay on her plate. She opened it, and found a ten-dollar bill, enclosed in a paper on which was written, "Una is growing too old for toys; she is to buy books with this, to begin a library, Aunt Janet." Una laughed. "I'm glad it is n't another doll," she said, "but I think my library is begun already. My one shelf is full of books."

"Thanks to Aunt Janet for the hint," said Will. "My New Year's gift to you shall be a set of bookshelves. By the way, Mr. Faulkner told Frank yesterday that he hoped 'the little lady' was to be present at the dinner-party."

Una looked at her mother, who answered, "I see no objection, with Frank and Grace for escort. As the people are Una's guests, she should be present to receive them."

"I 'm going, too," added Will. "I've no idea of being left out. We shall have a jollier time, I dare say, than at the fine dinner we are to attend this afternoon. One o'clock, prompt, is the time."

And a little before that hour Frank Lindsay took his sister and cousins to the appointed place. Mounting one flight of stairs and opening a door, they found themselves in a pleasant, sunny room, carpeted and furnished with comfortable, plain chairs and sofas; and through another door, they saw two colored men arranging a long table for dinner. A bright fire was burning, and a gentleman sat near reading. He rose as they entered, and came forward to greet them. "Miss Stanwood, I suppose," he said to Una, with a pleasant smile. "Miss Lindsay I had the pleasure of meeting yesterday. And this gentleman?"

"Is Miss Stanwood's brother," Will answered, for himself. A very few minutes served to take away all the stiffness of a first interview, and before long the guests began to arrive, the old people and the lame boy, with his mother, coming in a carriage which Frank had thoughtfully provided. When all was ready and they were about to go to the table, Mr. Faulkner took Una's hand. "My friends," he said, "this is the young lady to whose kind thought we are indebted for our Christmas dinner. She will not be able to remain with us all this afternoon, but she hopes you will enjoy yourselves, and wishes you a very merry Christmas. Now let us dine." He led Una to the head of the table, and took his place beside her. Frank, after seating the guests, took the opposite side with his sister, and Will chose a middle seat, "that he might be more useful." It was a "merry" Christmas dinner, for Mr. Faulkner and Will with their amusing talk, and Frank and Grace with their thoughtful consideration, put every one at ease, and all enjoyed it. When the solid eatables had given place to fruits and coffee, Will rose to go. "I am very sorry to leave such good company," he said, "but my sister and I have another engagement, and must bid you good-by, hoping a Merry Christmas will be followed by a Happy New Year to all of us." Mr. Faulkner attended them to the carriage, and then returned to assist Frank and Grace.

"Tired, my darling?" asked Mrs. Stanwood, after the family were again at home, and Una was lying on the rug before the fire.

"Not very much, mamma; it has been such a pleasant Christmas Day. Only, when I see so many children so happy together, it makes me almost wish I had a sister to enjoy things with me."

Mrs. Stanwood sighed, as she thought of the twin girls taken from her by scarlet-fever years ago, before Una came to brighten the house again. "We will borrow your Cousin Marian sometime," she said, "if her mother can spare her for a while. See here, dear; this velvet purse, full of gold, is papa's gift, your charity purse, he says, and you must use the money wisely. And if it should ever be empty, you may go to him for more."

"But my little daughter must not think," added papa himself, who had come in while they were talking, "that helping poor people is the only way or the best way to do good in the world. Be faithful to the home duties first, my child; be obedient and gentle, and considerate for others; let *being* good and *doing* good go hand in hand. That is the way to make life a blessing to yourself and others."

I don't think Una will have a dinner-party this year; but she and Katie know of several places where unexpected gifts will bring a great deal of pleasure, and they will have what they both think is best of all, the pleasure of making others happy.

For The Dayspring.

THE BEST CHRISTMAS.

BY A. M. G.

Dear little ones, if Christmas
Is bright and gay for you,
Will you not make for others
A happy Christmas, too?

How many longing children,
In homes forlorn and sad,
Have none of all the treasures
That make your hearts so glad!

Oh think of them, my darlings!
With gifts and comfort come;
So shall their lonely Christmas
Be joyful as your own.

The children are most happy,
Who give while they receive;
They make their Christmas holy,
Cheering the hearts that grieve.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

THERE had been eager longing and wishing in the Fairchild family for months. The Fourth of July had hardly passed before the children began to talk about Christmas, and wonder what they would get when it came. Before Thanksgiving they had made up their minds what they would like. Arthur wanted a drum, Harry a trumpet, Susie a wax doll, and Fannie a little rubber doll. On Christmas Eve each hung a stocking over the fireplace, and went to bed hoping and guessing.

When the children were all sound asleep Mr. Fairchild brought into the kitchen a nice spruce-tree, which he had bought several days before, but managed to keep out of sight. This he set up in one corner of the room to hang the presents on. Mrs. Fairchild was a little puzzled when she saw that her husband and the children had quite different notions as to where the presents should be put, but she soon got over the difficulty by putting some on the tree and the rest in the stockings. Fortunately there were enough to make a good show on the tree and fill the stockings pretty full.

The next morning the children awoke as soon as daybreak, and hurried downstairs. They were so eager to get at their stockings that they passed by the tree, and it was not until they had taken the stockings down and pulled everything out of them that they noticed that there was a tree in the room.

What a merry Christmas these children had! The presents they had longed for were theirs at last. The drum was beaten, the trumpet blown, the dolls dressed and undressed, put to bed and taken up. The candy, nuts, and raisins which they found in abundance deep down in the stockings and on the tree, were eaten, and when night came they all went to bed with thankful hearts.

For The Dayspring.

PITY THEM!

WHO fears the winter's darkest frown?
Who fears the north wind's might?
Who fears the terrors of the storm
That wildly rules the night?

By cheerful blaze the busy band,
In work and play, unite
To make "the dearest spot on earth"
Blossom in beauty bright.

But how for those, the homeless ones.
That haunt the earth's wide ways;
Do such delights wait on each hour,
Such sunshine crown their days?

Ah! pity them! our Father's 'poor,'—
They fear the storm's cold blast,
And as we feed, warm, clothe them here,
We shall find peace, at last.

A. D. D.

For The Dayspring.

ENTOMOLOGICAL ALPHABET.

Z.

LONG looked forward to with dread,
Z confronts us — alias Zed.
But be joyful! At the end,
Lo! the foe becomes a friend.
So in life we often say
There 's a lion in the way;
But the creature finally
Proves a harmless beast to be.
Far-off giants, viewed with fear,
Turn to windmills, seen more near,
Bunyan's Pilgrim found it so
In his Progress, as you know.

Who 'd have thought that there could be
Any insect found for Z?
But behold! soon as the word
Of command is fairly heard,
Hastening slowly at our call,
To the front we see one crawl.
On his yellow body three
Long black stripes or belts we see.
Zebra-caterpillar, so
He is named, the *why* you know.
Queer resemblances are found
In the creatures all around.
Have you ever thought whence came,
In our speech, the *Miller's* name?

Thus our study, youthful friends,
With a question always ends.
This great world will always be
Food for curiosity.
From these rhymes you 've learned, 't is true,
Very little that is new,
But some pleasant hours we 've passed,
And our task is done at last.
Happy will the rhymer be
If his hints have helped you see
In the earth and in the air,
God's wise providence and care
Watching, working, everywhere.

C. T. P.

THE LATE ROBIN.

Oh! what will the poor robin do?
The rain and the sleet
Chill his little red feet;
And he has neither stocking nor shoe.

BOUND VOLUMES.

The "Dayspring" for 1882 is now offered in a beautifully bound volume that cannot fail to please all who see it. It contains fifty-two illustrations, twenty-five original poems, more than fifty original stories, and a variety of other matter. It ought to be in every Sunday-school library, and is just the thing for a Christmas present to children from six to sixteen years of age. Price, *seventy-five cents;* to subscribers, *fifty cents.* It will be mailed to any address on receipt of the price. We can supply bound volumes of the "Dayspring" for every year since 1872.

A CHRISTMAS SERVICE.

The Unitarian Sunday-School Society has just published "A Christmas Service for the Congregation and Sunday-school," prepared by Rev. C. W. Wendte. Like the Harvest Service recently prepared by Mr. Wendte, it contains appropriate Scripture Responses, Hymns, and Carols. It ought to be widely used. Price, $2.00 a hundred; $1.00 a half hundred; 3 cents each, for less than half a hundred.

DURAND'S ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Unitarian Sunday-School Society has for sale Durand's Illustrations of the Life of Jesus. They are fifty-two in number, mounted on cardboard, and enclosed in a half-morocco portfolio. This beautiful collection of pictures should be in every Sunday-school, and would be a highly appropriate Christmas present to a friend. Price, $3.00.

MANUALS

PUBLISHED BY THE

UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY,

7 Tremont Place, Boston.

Special attention is directed to the manuals in the following list marked with an asterisk (*).

A QUESTION BOOK ON THE LIFE OF JESUS. By Rev. S. H. Winkley. $1.25 per dozen.

BIBLE LESSONS ON CHRISTIAN LIFE AND FAITH. $2.00 per dozen.

EARLY LESSONS ABOUT THE SAVIOUR. (For young children.) $1.25 per dozen.

EVERY SUNDAY. (For young children.) $1.25 per dozen.

*FIRST LESSONS ON THE BIBLE. By Rev. E. H. Hall. $4.00 per dozen.

*HANDBOOK OF RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION. Translated from the Dutch of J. H. Maronier. By Rev. F. T. Washburn. $1.75 per dozen.

*LESSONS IN ETHICS. Part I. Rights and Duties. By Kate Gannett Wells. $1.25 per dozen.

QUESTIONS ON THE GOSPEL OF JOHN. By Rev. S. H. Winkley. $1.50 per dozen.

*QUESTIONS ON THE GOSPEL OF LUKE. $2.00 per dozen.

SUNDAY LESSONS FOR YOUNG CHILDREN. $1.75 per dozen.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS ON THE FIRST EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS. $1.75 per dozen.

*SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS ON THE LIFE OF JESUS. An Outline of the Life of Jesus, according to Matthew, Mark, and Luke, following the order of Mark. Forty-three Lessons, with Questions, Notes, Hints, and References. 160 pages, neatly bound in flexible cloth. $3.00 per dozen.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS ON THE OLD TESTAMENT. Part II. From the Death of Solomon to the Birth of Jesus Christ, with Selections from the Prophets, Psalms, and Proverbs. Forty-four Lessons, with Questions, Notes, Hints, and References. 120 pages, neatly bound in flexible Cloth. $2.50 per dozen.

*SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS ON SELECTIONS FROM THE ACTS AND EPISTLES. The first half of the book gives an outline of the Life of the Apostle Paul; the last half treats of some of the most valuable practical portions of the Epistles. Forty-three Lessons, with Questions, Notes, Hints, and References. 160 pages, neatly bound in flexible cloth. $3.00 per dozen.

*SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS ON SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS AND PROVERBS. Thirteen Lessons, with Questions, Notes, Hints, and References. 36 pages, paper covers. $1.00 per dozen.

*SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS ON THE TEACHINGS OF JESUS. Chiefly on the Sermon on the Mount and the Parables. Forty-three Lessons, with Questions, Notes, Hints, and References. 120 pages, neatly bound in flexible cloth. $3.00 per dozen.

*THE HISTORY OF THE RELIGION OF ISRAEL: AN OLD TESTAMENT PRIMER. By Prof. C. H. Toy. (For advanced classes.) $6.00 per dozen.

Publications of the Western Unitarian Sunday-School Society for sale.

Sunday-School Libraries supplied at a liberal discount for cash.

THE DAYSPRING,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

THE UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY,

7 TREMONT PLACE, BOSTON.

TERMS. — *Twenty-five cents* a year where four or more copies are sent to one address; *Thirty-five cents*, where less than four copies are sent.

University Press: John Wilson & Son, Cambridge.